VADEMECUM SANGUISUGA –

The Vampire Handbook – Edition 2025

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"Beating the Odds demands more than cheap-shot junkie tricks & vanity"

Prologue

The business woman, Clarissa Jennings, never stood a chance. The two assailants going for her went in hard and fast, merciless and with eyes full of fury and vengeance. A boy of perhaps fourteen years had smacked her right leg with a lead-pipe much too large for him. The girl simultaneously had targeted Clarissa's left leg with a rusty iron bar.

A staccato of frenzied strikes followed, aiming upward from the legs to the skull in split seconds. Clarissa Jennings died as a bloodily pulp. Another hate crime to discover for an uncaring police force.

The sun-tanned man watching the kids nodded.

`Delivered, as agreed!´, stated Bedirhan.

He held up a key-card that was quickly snatched by the homicidal boy. Next, he held up three keys, and those were taken by the homicidal girl.

The kids, clad like filthy vagrants, were gone from his sight before he had rearranged his suit. Bedirhan smiled, for the only person capable of snitching on the real motive for his generosity here, now lay dead on the ground, killed by her very own children, the ones she had neglected and skipped six years ago to focus her career.

The story begins:

Stevianko Poddar just got done with scolding a bummer, who had posted critical stuff about Stevianko's crew on Ticky Tocky. There was no ounce of tolerance in this `business´, especially not for trolls coming up with their factual truths and laws sorta BS.

His business yielded at least $ 1500 per week, and Stevianko Poddar certainly meant to keep it running. Not the time and place to go complacent and weak, as keeping the funders & financiers eager to invest WAS paramount.

Especially, as for those with street smarts and nerves there were extra options. Lucrative extra options. Stevianko Poddar was convinced to be the best-fit sort of person for the job, as he had sucked dicks and banged ugly ladies as if they were the queen of porn personified.

With Turkish friends, the ones never running low on Heroin & Fentanyl, a lot went much more smoothly. Nigh nobody still dared to bitch at Stevianko Poddar and those who did fell sick, got into car accidents, or found themselves made homeless. If not outright made suicide victims.

What all, who had to listen to Stevianko Poddar's self-praise for only twenty seconds already knew: He was a not-marital son of Steven Spielberg and acted, as if Hollywood was his property, his little toy project.

Bedirhan was his constant companion, the benevolent shadow. Always around as a friend from the good, old times. Few among the survivors knew Stevianko Poddar as long, as Bedirhan did.

Natasha Grausig tagged along playing the groupie. Yet, in truth, she was also more in love with the money than with anyone alive or dead. Nothing unusual. Behind the facade, it was the constant mixture of money, parties, and media attention that guaranteed the jollies for Natasha.

Her sister, Bianca, was on a horror trip instead. She had a podcast scheme running and made live videos for extra money. Natasha ignored her sister's cash grabs and money ripoffs, but was hyperactive on a website for people without clothes posturing the naughty way. It was her advantage, as Bianca could not compete.

Five million clucks on #OnlyHens, Losers!

Jacqueline was a born victim of modern parentage. Her name somehow hinted at it. Merely another disco mouse, barfly, and club pilgrim who had learned to claw herself to the money & drug suppliers, no matter what.

`Brugh, in the worst case we get us something, listen to the music, and get blowjobs once the cunts are high!´, evaluated Bedirhan.

Stevianko grinned, which made him look like a scary, blonde scarecrow. His signature grin, as he had practiced it for nearly twenty years, so to seem sovereign and in control. A winner type by sheer ego and ID.

`We need a car that REALLY makes an impression on the ladies!´, decided Stevianko.

Indeed, for a certain type of women, the status symbols of capitalism were all it took to fall in love, and out of it, at a whim. The majority of those overeager & desperate idiot-whores offered more than what any sane prostitute would be OK with.

It was `Evil Dead´, as rewritten by Stevianko Poddar. The real thing, as he had paid big time to get his hands on a real `Evil Book of Power´. Vampires instead of demons, but such was trivial, as Stevianko Poddar already convinced himself that he could certainly outwit Dracula & Nosferatu if only he had similar vampire powers as hinted at in `Salem's Lot by Stephen King´.

`We sell the live stream, monetize the knowledge, and if any of that creepy occult junk really works, we also contact Bianca and get bonus money from her horror community!´, announced Bedirhan.

Lesser people would have to pay one grand for a weekend like the one before them, yet Stevianko & Bedirhan earned more by getting laid & partying than those losers would see in a year. Not luck, business smarts. At 60 miles per hour on the 50mph road, the four paragons of the high-life reached the rented hut in less than 35 minutes. Of course, not ill-prepared like city folks. Their hirelings hat arranged for the comfort it takes, disinfected, cleaned, and stacked up supplies. Chemical toilets, two in blue and two in pink, so to not go outdoors on such necessities. Three portable fridges were filled and running. Beds were disinfected, and cleaned, and mattresses had been replaced by brand new ones.

The evening began and everything went well. The mood was relaxed and alcohol was available. The grass was smoked, in the fuck medical weed losers' sense, so party time had arrived. Amphetamines to stay awake or mild ecstasy pills free for all. Thereafter, the ladies could prove their worth by being sexually available. Oral sex, for now.

The benefit of Stevianko's party mix of substances was that all of them were in a good mood, nobody hesitated or regretted anything. That would last for two more hours, and then the resupply would prevent the down or fatigue. Time passed by, substances were consumed, and when sex became boring, the talk finally fell on `The Book´.

One hour before midnight then, Stevianko proved that all the rumors about his psychiatric case family were wrong. He stood before the other three, posturing dramatically while reciting the formula from the book. Barely finishing the last word, a knock was heard from the door. The hut's door, not the cellar's trapdoor. The four looked at each other, everybody busy overlaying the nervousness of the scare. Stevianko instead opened the door unafraid, as his inner drive was undaunted.

A small metal box lay before the door and was curiously inspected by the four party people. Stevianko picked the box up, closed the door, and walked toward the table. He placed the box on the table, then opened it with the three pals staring at the scene. Four small glass vials were embedded in some protective foam padding, and a note was rolled up in the middle of those.

`What does the note say?´, asked Natasha.

`A little test, only lasts for three hours.´, read Stevianko aloud.

Bedirhan stared at Stevianko, Jacquline stammered nervously, and Natasha stood dumbstruck.

`Should we really risk it?´, asked Natasha.

The four of them debated for a while.

`What sort of test run is this supposed to be?´, asked Jacqueline.

`Hunters of the night!´, guessed Stevianko.

`Must we drink that, or inject it?´, asked Natasha.

`Drinking, there are no syringes along, after all!´, deducted Bedirhan.

All four once more investigated the little box. Better safe than sorry.

`Well, no time for cowardice, let's try what we got!´, said Stevianko.

Done, as announced, the four of them gulped down one vial each. They felt their bodies digest it, but no specific effects could be noticed.

Then, the blood-thirst got a hold on them! All four rushed out through the door, sniffing the nightly air, jumping on the hut's rooftop and back to the ground speedily.

`The fuck: This shit really works!´, cheered Jacqueline.

Faster, and stronger, with the sharpened senses of predators, the four of them rushed into the nightly forest. Only Bedirhan's discipline assured that at least the cabin door would be locked instead of being left wide open.

Whoever would meet them now, God had already decided that made whoever a victim.

At 3:35am, most of them were back at the hut. Groggy, and only human, as the effects were wearing off.

`Where is Jacqueline?´, inquired Stevianko.

`Shot by police, as she had to rob a gas station with cameras running. Bonus, she assaulted the police in a frenzy. The local news already pop-up on websites and news APPS´, said Natasha.

`Seriously?´, asked Stevianko & Bedirhan in unison.

`Yep, they assume a drug-addict frenzy, though. No van Helsing stuff mentioned.´, said Natasha.

All three agreed to get some shuteye soon, as sunrise was close and their bodies were enervated from their earlier activities.

The shock had hit them, but compared to the `rush´ they had experienced, such was not worth any mentioning. The callousness of the legendary Bloodsuckers.

`Could Stevianko give me a ride to Bianca?´, inquired Natasha.

`Sure,´, said Bedirhan with a look at Stevianko. Amphetamine flexibility.

Stevianko and Natasha jumped into the car and drove off. Leaving Bedirhan behind in the hut.

At around 4:00am, an unknown voice was heard through the door.

`Why wait, why share?´, inquired the stranger.

`Because I have honor!´, shouted Bedirhan.

`But, Allah does not grant you eternal life. Keeps you in the death-row of the ignorant and delirious instead. Like most mortals.´, countered the stranger.

`What becomes of Stevianko and Natasha?´, asked Bedirhan.

`To me, they looked a bit pale, bloodless. Yet, the good news is your car is parked back outside. Customer care service.´, spoke the stranger.

Bedirhan realized that his only choice left was how his life would be ended. Corpse, or a hunter of the night.

`Master?´, asked Bedirhan - Happy that no fellow Turks could see his shaking knees.

`My wise, new apprentice!´, ridiculed the stranger.

Minutes before sunrise, the hut was burned down to the ground in a spectacular bonfire. The book burned along with it. Of Bedirhan nothing else was ever heard again, yet: Weeks later, his car was found abandoned in Belgium (Europe).

THE END

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